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Wholesale Distributors
Memphis, Tenn.

O. Henry and Al Jennings.

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Have Made Successful Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.
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(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Sit down, Ira, and be calm." The warden could scarcely suppress the motion in his own voice. "I've been up to Cleveland. Run into the strange thing. Guess you told a straight story all right."

"Yes, sir," Ira answered, a frightened light in his eye. "Yes, sir, it was the truth. I wasn't lying. I wasn't sure it was. Surely, I couldn't have dreamed it, could I?"

"Now, that's all right. But listen to me. You had a wife you say? Dora, that was her name, wasn't it? Well, she died all right after they kicked her out of the cottage. The baby lived. She's alive today. I met her. She's free."

"She was adopted by wealthy people here in Columbus. They're friends of the governor. I just happened to talk about you. The girl's foster mother is relative of your wife's. She thought you were a maniac. I told her the truth."

"Ira, go over to the state shop, get a suit and shoes. You're pardoned. I took it up with the governor. You go out tomorrow."

With a shock of bewildered emotion that sent a shiver of sobbing happiness into his voice, Ira Maralatt put out his hand to the warden.

"Does the girl know?"

"Now, now; they haven't told her. It would be too sudden a strain."

Worries Over Ex-Prisoner.

The next morning, Ira, in his cheap suit, the squeaky prison shoes and a light straw hat, came to the warden's office. His gigantic frame was stooped and his face shot through with nervous excitement.

"You did all this, Mr. Al," he said, the tears crowding into his eyes. "Just think what you did when you rolled that apple to me. I hesitated a moment. 'Mr. Al, she won't ever recognize me, will she? I don't think I'd like her to know her father was the Prison Demon.'"

When Darby handed him the pardon and the \$5 his hands shook. "I don't know how to thank you, warden. 'You don't have to! God knows you've paid for it!'"

Ira took his two little canaries with him. "I'll give them to the girl for a present. I want to see her. I have to see her." He shook hands with Darby and me.

A week passed. We heard no word from him. The warden became alarmed. "I wonder if anything could have happened to the old man?" Maralatt was but 46. His terrible sufferings during 18 years in prison had broken even his magnificent strength. He seemed about 60. "I wonder if he went to see his daughter? Funny I didn't hear."

Asks Why She Wasn't Told.

It worried Darby as much he inquired. He sent for the girl's foster mother. He told her of Ira and the pardon. Back came the frantic answer from the daughter herself. In an hour she was at the warden's office.

"An old man had come with them. She had the birds now. 'What about it? That man my father?'"

"Why didn't someone tell me? How dare they keep it from me? That's what he meant when he left. That's why he called me little Dora. Oh, what shall we do now?"

In broken sentences she told of the mysterious visit of the old bird peddler. Ira had gone up the steps of the palace home where the girl lived. He had brought the little cage with the birds. Perhaps he had intended to tell Mary that he was her father. The sight of her beauty, her culture, her happiness had chilled her and she had fled. Ira could not bear to spoil her glad with the tragedy of his bleak life. He had left with his claim against.

Bought Out of Sympathy.

"The girl was coming down the stairs as the old man rang the bell. The butler had denied him entrance. And the girl had run forward and ordered the old man to come in."

"I thought, Miss, perhaps you would buy these birds. I'm very poor and they are wonderful singers."

And just out of sympathy for the pathetic old stranger, the girl had bought the canaries. He would only take a half dollar from her. She had not understood. He had looked at her and the tears had streamed down his cheeks.

Good-bye, little Dora," he said as he left. He stood at the door as though he were about to say something further and then he looked at her with a queer, light on his face and went down the steps.

They thought he was a harmless, unbalanced old oddity.

"Where can I find him? Where shall I look for him? Why didn't someone tell me," the girl was torn with grief.

"Hurry, let us look now."

Outside it was snowing. There had been a hard storm for a week. Maralatt's daughter and the warden searched in every street and alley for the old man. He was nowhere to be found.

Maralatt Returns.

One night there was a knock at the guard room door. A faint voice called out, "Let me come in, please."

The captain of the guard opened the door. Ira Maralatt, his thin prison suit drenched and hanging in limp rag about him, was kneeling in the snow at the prison door.

"Let me in, please, I have nowhere to go."

No, no, go away, you're pardoned. I can't let you in. The warden said, closing the door in Maralatt's face. The old man in, in his freezing outdoor clothes, was kneeling in the snow at the prison door.

"I can't. It's against the law," the captain answered.

"Let him in, let him in!" I yelled, and ran headlong to the office. Darby came running and ordered it opened. Maralatt was not there. "You damn fool," Darby swore at them. "Don't you know we've been looking for him for weeks?"

Finds Him Stricken by Death.

Beyond the walls, flinging himself along, the warden went on his search. He found him in the snow near the half frozen Maralatt lying along at his side. He found him down in the snow near the river. Ira was buried up with fever. His face was already stricken with death.

Everywhere for a week he looked for him. He said, they had refused him. They said he was too old.

The warden sent for Maralatt's daughter.

The young girl, graceful and white as an angel, ran crying into the room and threw herself into the warden's arms.

"Don't die, daddy! Why didn't you tell me? See, I'm your girl, Mary. Just look at me! Oh, why didn't I know? If you only knew how many times I longed for a father—any one, any kind, why didn't you tell me?"

Maralatt looked at her in dim, feverish gladness. He took the delicate hands in his gigantic palm and turned to her.

"I looked all over for you, Dora," he said. "I'm glad you came."

With a smile of wondrous peace on his lips, the prison demon sank back in the pillows. The old hero had won his palm at last.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The shadows of a thousand Dick Prices and Ira Maralatt's skinned like unhappy ghosts through the cell corridors of the Ohio penitentiary. The memory of a thousand tragedies seemed to abide in the very air of the prison. Who showed themselves to come under the persistent gloom of these haunting presences went mad.

The rest of us sought an outlet in gayety—in a hundred trivial little incidents that would bring a laugh out of all proportion to their funniness. In self-defense, the convict became hardened to the brutal suffering of the life about him.

If any one had heard Billy Radler, Bill Porter and I, as we talked and guffawed in the prison postoffice, he would have rated us an unthinkable trio of irresponsible scamps.

We were always our melancholy, but we would wrangle and just by the hour over the probable course a fly taking itself against the postoffice window might take if we let it out—over the origin of the black race and the final of the Caucasian race.

Or we would imagine that the prison was suddenly crashed to pieces in an earthquake, and the warden began to speculate on the menace of our presence to a terror-stricken society. No

TO HEALTH SERVICE.

COLUMBUS, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—Dr. W. R. McKinley, proprietor of the McKinley sanitarium in this city, has been appointed assistant surgeon of the United States health service in this territory, his duty being to pass upon the fitness of all men in the military and naval service. The appointment was made by Secretary of War Baker.

"LIZZIE" KICKS EDDIE.

MANCHESTER, Tenn., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—Eddie, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Martin, broke her right wrist Thursday while cranking her father's Ford truck. The engine backfired, the crank striking her arm.

MERIDIAN GOES TO WAR WITH HIGH LIVING COST

MERIDIAN, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—War on the high cost of living was declared at a mass meeting at the city hall last Friday night, and pledges were made to help government agents and plans laid to secure five or more mixed carloads of foodstuff offered by the government. Kemper J. Johnson and E. J. Gallagher, special committee from the labor unions, who investigated government goods, made a lengthy report, declaring the goods of the best quality. Three carloads will be ordered immediately, and Mayor J. M. Dabney named a committee to handle the distribution and sale.

FIRE AT GORDO, ALA.

COLUMBUS, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—Fire of undetermined origin recently destroyed the building occupied by the Farmers' Hardware and Furniture company, together with its contents, at Gordo, Ala., entailing a loss of \$5,000. No insurance was carried on either the stock or building.

LIVE STOCK MOVING.

NEWBERN, Tenn., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—The freight embargo on shipping hogs and cows has been lifted here. Local dealers shipped several carloads from Newbern Saturday, it being the first shipment made in two weeks. The farmers are now placing much cattle on the markets.

CHARGED WITH ROBBERY BUT IS RELEASED

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—Lawrence Benson, brother-in-law to Noah T. McCann, was released from jail Friday afternoon, after having been under arrest since the afternoon before, charged with being accessory to the theft of the \$12,000 in currency taken from two registered packages sent by local banks to banks in Southeast Arkansas.

McCann confessed Monday night to having half the money, and went with the inspectors to his home, where he had \$6,000 hidden. Mrs. McCann was arrested Thursday noon and still remains in jail, but no additional information has been gained and it is believed that she will also be released. Where the other \$6,000 is still remains a mystery.

PINE BLUFF TO SUE FOR STRIP OF LAND

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—The city of Pine Bluff is about to get into litigation over a strip of land about 25 feet wide running from Main street to State street, which lies where Tenth avenue should be, but P. O. McGehee and J. A. McLeod contend that it belongs to them and that it was never formally turned over to the city. It has been used as a street and by consent of the former owners and the present owners are now stopping passage over the strip and fencing it. The city is now suing for a temporary restraining order against Messrs. McGehee and McLeod, and a hearing held later. The owners offered to sell the strip, but the city declined to pay for same, contending that it was already public property.

MERIDIAN WOMEN ARE TO SMASH GAMBLING

MERIDIAN, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—A crusade against gambling has been inaugurated by a mass meeting of ladies, growing out of the Wilson dam. Local dealers shipped several carloads from Newbern Saturday, it being the first shipment made in two weeks. The farmers are now placing much cattle on the markets.

TENNESSEE RIVER DAM TO BE CALLED WILSON

WASHINGTON, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—The big dam now in course of construction over the Tennessee river at Muscle Shoals, Ala., has been officially designated as Wilson dam. Announcement of this fact was made today by the chief of staff upon authority of Secretary of War Baker, who has just completed an inspection of the dam and wired instructions as to the name to Washington.

MISSISSIPPI MAN IS HEAD OF HOSPITAL

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—Dr. Charles D. Blassingame, who was born and reared in a remote corner of this country, is now head surgeon in one of the leading hospitals in London.

Prior to his entrance into the United States medical corps as a specialist on diseases of the head, Dr. Blassingame was associated with the firm of Hill, Simpson & Fagin, of Memphis. In the A. E. F. Dr. Blassingame rendered conspicuous service.

SWITZERLAND SUFFERS FROM BIG HEAT WAVE

GENE, Aug. 13.—Switzerland has been suffering from a magnetic heat wave for four days. The temperature has been greatly disturbed. The heat has been so intense that two Alpinists were seen on the Matterhorn peak (14,600 feet) near Chamounix clad only in pajamas.

Summer Diarrhoeas can be controlled more quickly with GROVE'S BARY BOWEL MEDICINE, and it is absolutely harmless. Just as effective for adults as for children. Price 30c.

HIGHWAYS ARE FREE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 13. (Sp.)—With the purchase last week by the state of the turnpike from the turnpike company of the Salem turnpike for \$25,000, or \$4,000 a mile, the county is free of toll gates. Purchase of the turnpike has been in progress there for the past two years.

RAP ARCHDUKE.

PARIS, Aug. 13. (By the Associated Press)—The Jugo-Slav delegation here has issued a note elaborating its message to the peace conference protesting against the recognition of the regime of Archduke Joseph, the new head of the Hungarian government.

How to be sure of rich, mellow Home-made Preserves

Experience has taught thousands of housewives that a preserving syrup made of $\frac{1}{4}$ Karo (Red Label) and $\frac{1}{2}$ sugar is the sure successful syrup for putting up fruit.

They get clear, firm jellies, preserves with a rich, heavy syrup, and delicious jams. Then, too, "candying" is avoided when they use this Karo method instead of all sugar alone.

This fine, clear Karo Syrup is a wonderful help in all kinds of preserving.

It blends the sugar with the fruits, brings out the rich, "fruity" flavor, and keeps your jams and jellies mellow in the glass.

For Cooking, Baking and Candy Making Karo (Red Label) is used in millions of homes. In all cooking and baking recipes use Karo instead of sugar. It is sweet, of delicate flavor, and brings out the natural flavor of the food.

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Porter Particular About Rules

Porter was not supposed to visit the postoffice while he was on duty at the hospital. As he never violated any of the prison rules, he always made it a point to come on business. Billy Radler was a semi-invalid and offered an unfeeling excuse. Billy's amber hair was falling out. He bounded Porter to bring him a remedy.

"Look here, Bill," the ex-train robber would say, "if you could get the arsenic out of that rock-ribbed old Coffin why can't you rouse the hair on my scalp?"

Coffin, by some mistake, had been given an overdose of arsenic. Antidotes failed. Porter was called in. He saved the life of Coffin. This incident happened before my arrival at the "pen," but Radler never gave Porter any peace about it. From an unfailing excuse, Billy's amber hair was falling out. He bounded Porter to bring him a remedy.

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Sweet to Sit in Moonlight.

"I can think of nothing more delightful," he said, "than to strap a harp on my back and saunter from castle to castle living in the glorious beauty of poetry and music."

"We have the dangerous here, but we lack both the dexterity and the ease," the How sweet it would be to sit in the silver moonlight, to summon the strains of their lullabies with the strains of our warblings! And then to lie back on the grass and weave fantastic dreams is lighter the drab reality of the world."

Porter often spoke to me in these later prison days of his serenading in Austin. He said that he belonged to a troupe of singers. "We went about playing and serenading at the windows of all the fair maidens in Austin. Playing, singing, writing a sonnet, sketching a cartoon—what a lovable neer-do-well he would have been if this very breezy negligence had not caught him in the net of unfortunate circumstances at the bank."

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Qban Hair Tonic—\$.50—1.00
Qban Hair Color Restorer—\$.75
Qban Depilatory—\$.75

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